

youth stage. I've kept warm
 the love that he's turned cold.
 Anna bear the dreary thought
 that we maun sundered be;
 ere's nothing binds my pair a-
 to earth, gude-wife, but thee.
 fel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
 I'm growing auld;
 e seems to me a wintry waste,
 the very sun feels cold.
 wardly friends, ye've been to me
 manz them a' the best;
 w I'll lay down my weary head,
 gude-wife, and be at rest.